

PARTY HARMONY
AND
VICTORY.

Returning from Europe, ex-Secretary Whitney re-echoed the general Democratic expression when he said, "Restoration of the Democracy to power depends upon the party itself. If harmony comes it will win. I should say that the tendency of Democratic thought is toward a restoration of harmony. To that extent the condition of the party as a political organization is improved."

It is perhaps merely the reiteration of a platitude to say that only by the restoration of harmony in Democratic ranks can the Presidential election of 1896 be so thoroughly demonstrated this fact that it may be regarded as axiomatic.

But what is of importance now is that Democratic harmony has been shown to be not only possible but practicable. New York has blazed the way, and it needs only that the Democracy of the Nation should note how great and how far reaching the rewards of the prudent course of New York Democratic leaders to assure them that a like course other States will lead to like results.

This is not the time nor the place to set forth detailed plans for averting future schisms in the Democracy, or to suggest salves for healing wounds already opened. It is enough to point out that if a ruling spirit of party leaders be one of intolerance, opportunities enough for dissension and party will be found, while if the controlling desire be secure harmony, without sacrifice of principle, it will be discovered to attain it.

Is not the second the wiser course?

THE MEMORIAL
TO
HENRY GEORGE.

It is a fortunate thing that the memorial fund for Henry George has been taken out of the hands of an obscure newspaper which was exploiting it for advertising purposes and put in charge of a committee of eminent gentlemen headed by Mayor Strong.

Henry George, who might have been rich, died poor. His writings exceeded in the extent of their sale those of almost any serious author during the time in which he lived. They were translated into nearly every known language, printed in almost every conceivable form. But he cared nothing for profit to be reaped from this widespread popularity. His one end was the dissemination of his principles, and he freely gave of his revenues and his copyrights to attain that purpose.

It is said that nature abhors a vacuum. There is a vacuum in the New York Republican leadership now, and if Reed wants to fill it he will be welcomed with universal acclamations. The late Mr. Cleveland considered the Speaker the brainiest man in the national Republican party, and many who never agreed with the Princeton recluse in anything else agreed with him in this. Democrats will be as glad as Republicans to secure such an addition to the attractions of the metropolis.

Constantine Steiger, alias Fritz Meyer, while trying to rob a church on the night of October 26, killed Policeman Smith and was promptly arrested. On the 16th of November he was convicted of murder in the first degree, the jury being out only long enough to go through the form of agreeing upon a verdict.

This is a case of prompt justice, and the convicted man makes no effort to stay its hand, but admits the murder of Stolz, the Brooklyn belligerent, and other heinous crimes besides that for which he is to be sentenced to death. The penalty cannot be increased, but Steiger is such a stolid brute as to exult in his sympathy.

Fortunately here is one case in which there is no delay or uncertainty, no maudlin sentiment, nothing to attract the depraved or fascinate the morbid. A common, vulgar criminal is dealt with in an expeditious and business-like way. The example is a wholesome one in criminal trials.

THE LATEST
VICTORY
FOR GOLF.

All-conquering golf pursues its triumphant way into the season of horse shows and of football, and into the deepest sanctuaries of the church. He who plays golf once falls an instant victim to its charms. He who opposes it is sacrificed to the rage of its votaries.

In Greenwich, Conn., a clergyman, scandalized by the weekly procession of Sunday golf players, their caddies, their lunch bearers and their attendant enthusiasts, strove to have Sunday golf prohibited by law. Moreover, he preached against the gentle sport, and even attacked the dispensation of the proper, necessary and traditional drams.

Scotch whiskey at the clubhouse to heighten the cultivation of the victor and to rouse the drooping limbs of the vanquished.

Mr. M., then, the sequel. The unregenerate golfers fight the righteous man in the Legislature and of the words "recreation" and "golf" stricken from its pulpit. Greenwich is to know him no more. Golf triumphs, and with its players, caddies, letreque slang and hot Scotchies will know no Sunday rest.

The martyr, it appears, is to go to New Britain, here he will preside over a congregation "in sympathy with his crusade." It is only common humanity to hope that no insidious enemy of the church will lay out a golf course there.

THE
MEDDLING
MARQUIS.

Now we have no less a personage than the Marquis of Salisbury to give us lessons in city government. He says that the British metropolis is too big to govern itself, and promises to do it in hand as soon as Parliament meets. The Marquis is too unwieldy to manage itself.

"Do you want to be governed like New York?" he exclaims, and proceeds to say that New York is enlarged "to mend admitted defects in the municipality," and that it has "lamentably failed" because it could not obtain the assistance and co-operation of the only class of men by whom municipalities can be thoroughly and satisfactorily governed.

This has the true British bluntness of bluntness. The falseness of its statements is all-pervading. The city was not extended to mend defects, to bring the people and interests of a single municipality under one government. The undertaking not failed "lamentably" or otherwise, but has been put on the way to success.

It is only "class" by which our municipal interests are properly governed are the people of the

city, and they have just taken them in charge and need no help from the British aristocracy. The Prime Minister has enough on his hands if he simply attends to the somewhat "unwieldy" empire under his guidance, and leaves the people of New York to take care of themselves.

Lord Salisbury is apt to get erroneous notions into his head about the incapacity of Americans to take care of their own business. Some of these were exploded by President Cleveland's Venezuela message and subsequently dissipated, and the people of New York will teach him something about governing a great city if he will be patient.

PROTECT
THE
BRIDGE.

Whatever the court's decision in the matter of the trolley man-trap on the Bridge may be, the result ought to be the same. Now that the case has become fully understood, the companies themselves should take the lead in guarding the public safety. It is not as if the trolley people were proposing to extend to the Bridge a system that had already earned a high reputation for security. The electric cars in Brooklyn have killed about two hundred people, and the slaughter still continues. In such circumstances the corporations cannot plead a presumption of inoffensiveness. It is their duty to take such steps as will give the public an absolute assurance that the Brooklyn massacres are not to be repeated at the New York-end of the Bridge.

This duty is especially pressing in view of the fact that the companies have received practically a free gift of the revenues of the Bridge, which is equivalent to the sacrifice by the people of New York and Brooklyn of over \$17,000,000. That seems to call for some little consideration in return. At any rate, the Journal proposes to maintain to the last its theory that the people have some rights that even corporations and Bridge Trustees are bound to respect.

THE
OPPORTUNITY
OF REED.

It is to be hoped, in the interest of picturesqueness in local politics, that the reported intention of Thomas B. Reed to make his home in New York may prove true. The local Republican party is pining for such a leader. There never was a time when a great political organization was in such squalid straits for brains and character. Before the late election Boss Platt—little "Me Too" Platt, at whom everybody laughed in Conkling's days—loomed above the dead level of local Republican mediocrity like a pyramid above the sands of Egypt. Now Platt has fallen, and who is left? Quigs? Gibbs? Gruber?

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THE
THEATRICAL
TRUST.

Minnie Maddern Fiske, once a popular soubrette, of late much esteemed by the critics on account of her stage realization of the character of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has publicly proclaimed against the theatrical syndicate. The headquarters of the syndicate are in this city, but Mrs. Fiske issued her proclamation in Boston—which is not illogical on her part, considering that her opposition to the organization is on artistic grounds and that Boston is not yet wholly within the toils of the monster. She boldly declares the syndicate a trust, whose promoters "do not hesitate to assert their contempt for art." Having enumerated the chief objects of the syndicate, with which the public should be pretty familiar by this time, Mrs. Fiske says:

The only avenue by which the middlemen's profits can be paid by the attraction lies in the reduction of salaries, and it is here that the actors will be affected by the operations of the trust. And not only here, but also in the discouragement to enterprise which the trust offers. The independent actor is no longer able to pursue his calling save under conditions so atrociously unjust as to disgust him to the extent of abandoning his profession altogether, so far as this country is concerned.

An institution so firmly rooted as the theatrical syndicate seems to be probably will not suffer materially from the effects of one actress's verbal onslaught. But there is one danger suggested in Mrs. Fiske's reference to the "independent actor" that may well excite the apprehensions of the syndicate's managers.

Mrs. Fiske clearly threatens to take herself and her art to some country where theatrical syndicates do not exist. If the force of her example be sufficiently powerful, the remedy for the evil is in her own hands. She has but to be followed to a more congenial clime by half a dozen other "independent actors," whose names immediately suggest themselves in this connection, when the syndicate will succumb from lack of nourishment. The syndicate's present power lies in its means for promoting the business interests and general comfort of the half score of leading attractions which managers of the important theatres throughout the country are obliged to secure. With the booking of these attractions in its hands it is not difficult for the syndicate to practically control the selection of all other attractions at the houses where the important stars are placed.

Last Summer Mrs. Fiske endeavored, in the interest of artistic independence, to induce several fel-

low stars to join her in arranging their routes independently of the syndicate. The syndicate managers were able to frustrate this design. Now if Mrs. Fiske is about to quit the country in disgust, let her take with her Joseph Jefferson, Francis Wilson, John Drew, Nat C. Goodwin, Lillian Russell, De Wolf Hopper and Richard Mansfield, and the theatrical syndicate will have met its doom. In view of the evident abandonment of plans to establish an opposition organization there seems to be no more promising scheme for the accomplishment of Mrs. Fiske's purpose.

A PARTIAL
VICTORY FOR THE
TAILORS.

The complete success of the 1,300 cloakmakers employed by the firm of Freedman Brothers who struck two weeks ago against a reduction in wages is a notable triumph for organization.

Yet great as the victory is, considerable as is the number of strikers who have succeeded in their intentions, the problem involved is left unsolved. There are still 500 cloakmakers employed by one house on strike, and in other branches of the tailoring trade there are thousands more idle. Indeed, there has not been a time within the last two years when a strike—which would have been heralded far and wide had it occurred on a railroad—has not been in progress among the men and women employed in the tailoring trades on the great East Side.

The root of the evil will not be extirpated by winning strikes against certain employers. Until the tailors' organizations are strong enough to fight and kill the contract system, which inevitably breeds the sweat shop, their troubles will be perennial.

When a would-be leader's success depends upon his ability to keep open the wounds of past campaigns the organization to which he is attached has but one duty to perform, and that is to ignore him.

If Tom Reed makes any speeches from the tail end of his special car the Administration will be sure to suspect that he has designs on a certain nomination which will be made in 1900.

An Iowa woman has asked for a divorce because she has married the wrong man. This is the usual plea in the divorce court, but it seldom appears in such a condensed form.

Hon. Joseph Choate is now being mentioned in connection with a Cabinet berth, but the chances are that he will continue to ride in the day coach of politics.

The public is not able to determine whether Murderer Durrant's remarkable good luck is due to the skill of his lawyers or the laxity of the California courts.

President Barrios need have no fear on account of the Guatemalan amazons. The price on his head is far beyond the bargain counter proportions.

The yellow fever teaches Southern cities some very practical sanitary lessons, but the trouble is that they too soon forget the experience.

We are rapidly approaching that period in jurisprudence when there will be a demand for some sort of defence of the criminal lawyers.

As to the possession of a conscience, Mrs. Naeck undoubtedly came to the conclusion that it is better late than never.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Liberalism Condemned.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Allow me to congratulate you for the curt and frank answer you give in to-day's issue to the queries of the Columbus Dispatch therein set forth.

It is to be deplored that such a person as the one who would that letters should be associated with an American newspaper. That person represents the negation of American principles, and his sentiments would lead one to suppose that he is the worthy descendant of some Indian chief.

The editors of Columbus have my sympathy.

With your permission I would like to ask a few questions of the editor of the Columbus Dispatch.

Does he know that by advocating the restrictive measures he advances he tramples upon the principles laid down by the fathers of this country? That such measures would be odious and incompatible with the spirit of this republic? Does he know that that very imagination which would restrict has been instrumental to a large degree in making this country the great nation it is? Is the scribe of the Columbus Dispatch acquainted with the progress that the United States has made since it became an independent nation? And if he is, does he attribute that progress to the efforts of his paper, or the immigrants from all parts of the Old World who have set foot here, and have helped with their manual labor and their brains to make this country the richest and most enterprising? Is he ignorant of the fact that there are thousands of square miles of unutilized lands in the United States?

And to think that the paper whose editor is willing to make of the principles of exorbitant doctrines is published in the city named after the great discoverer!

JOHN M. BIONDI.
New York, Nov. 15.

Rare Juvenile Discontent.

To the Editor of the Journal:
When the Alaska expedition sailed a few days ago on the Ne-gus, of which Captain McLaughlin is master, his daughter and little granddaughter went on board the little schooner to bid him farewell.

The little girl is warmly attached to her grandfather, and was well-nigh inconsolable at his departure.

Upon her return home little Joan was crying bitterly. When her mother tried to comfort her, she sobbedly said: "Mamma, I would give the world if my grandpa hadn't gone." A second later, still sobbing, she added, "but I wouldn't give the world."

New Haven, Conn. HYACINTHE.

Christmas in All Religions.

To the Editor of the Journal:
An editorial in to-day's Journal calls attention to the fact that a clergyman wants us to stop teaching the myth of Santa Claus to the children and confine ourselves to teaching matters of religion pertaining to the story.

If we are asked to refrain from teaching children myths about Christmas, why not teach them that it was celebrated in olden days as the birthday of the pagan gods?

Bacchus of Egypt, Bacchus of Greece, Adonis of Greece, Krishna of India, Chang of China, Christ of Chaldea, Mithra of Persia, Seku of India, Jao-Pan of Britain, were all said to be born in December 25, most of them hundreds of years before the beginning of the Christian era.

In the Acan sun worship, the sun was considered the Creator, Savior and Destroyer of life; the Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. When the sun went toward the south it withdrew its heat, and death and desolation followed in its wake. It was the destroy of life. When it reached its utmost southern point it remained stationary three days, and on the morning of the 25th of December it rose a little higher than it had been the preceding mornings and was hailed as a savior. As it travelled back toward the north, life came back to the earth, the flowers blossomed, the grass grew and all was life; it was because the Creator of life. Why not tell the children the plain, unvarnished truth, that Christmas is older than Christianity, older than any religion now in vogue. Every person who has taken the trouble to make an investigation of the matter knows this to be true.

Lily Dale, N.Y., Nov. 15.

A Startling Advance.

Whatever politicians may claim as the meaning of the election in New York, the Journal of that city says all will agree that municipal ownership of municipal franchises was approved by the voters. "Setting national issues aside," it says, "the local issue of the right of the people to share in the wealth which they create was approved by an overwhelming vote. Dollar gas, public ownership of street railways, public regulation of all natural monopolies found its approval at the polls." This is a startling advance for the trust-ridden, stock gambling, money loving and Mammon worshipping people of the great city.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

Don't Overlook New York.

New York has ever been a Democratic stronghold, and without the vote of New York the party has never gained a national victory. New York cannot be safely ignored by the Democracy.—Nashville American.

"Adonis" Dixey
as a Magician.

"ADONIS" Dixey has burst upon our bewildered vision as a magician. He is now at the Garden Theatre, indulging in necromantic pastimes of presumably easy acquisition. Next season I have not the least doubt but that we shall be asked to view him as a human pin-shion, or a magnetic wonder, or a gentleman addicted to swallowing glass and living.

The marvels, versatility of actors and actresses puts me on very bad terms with myself. The ladies and gentlemen of the stage certainly have the best of it in this life. They can do anything, and they do it. There is never any question about it. A few years ago Dixey was a burlesque with flexible limbs. Now he drops, simply and as a matter of course, into necromancy—something which we like to believe, for illusion's sake, is something diametrically opposed to burlesque.

This dazzling, white-lighted versatility is peculiar to the theatrical profession. You feel quite unsafe as you think of it. Your own ground may be cut from under your feet by these chameleon-like people. Ennui led ladies who study long and exhaustive roles think nothing of turning out an Addisonian, elegantly worded article on any subject that you can name. It comes so easily to them! Why, quite recently a star actress, engaged in a "stupendous production," dashed off a novelette without the least apparent effort! Wonderful, but dangerous folks!

Imagine a plumber, tired of the plumb pastime, taking to law and drawing clients as easily as a fly-paper draws flies. Think of your tailor taking a notion into his sartorial head to become a landscape painter at a moment's notice, and turning out landscapes as easily as he evolved trousers or waistcoats. Suppose that I could be impressed with the idea that I could play "Hamlet," and asked for a theatre, on sharing terms, in which to paralyze the public. Doesn't it strike you as a trifle exaggerated?

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I peg away for years trying to acquire the never futile task of clothing my thoughts in decent English, and lo! Tottle Coughdrop suddenly stops singing "My Mother's Empty Flask" and appears at the end of a long article written just as well as I could write it, after years of practice. Do you think it's comforting? I'm afraid of these actors and actresses. I tremble for my head and jam.

Mr. Dixey, after a long siege of burlesque, comic opera, legitimate farce and vaudeville, has decided that sleight of hand is quite as easy as sleight of foot. He knocks down your illusions as joyously as though they all stood up on end in a howling array. Now I like to hear pretty little ghost stories about my magicians. "The mania for magic manifested itself when he was two years old, when he drew a gold ring from his nursing bottle," or "while still six months old he was seen to cast longing eyes at a curried rabbit—the first inkling that we had of his penchant for extracting those little animals from gentlemen's hats." I like to hear that sort of thing. It builds up a sort of belief in the inflexibility of the necromantic habit. We can't get along without illusions. It's no use trying to do it.

The most vigorous "press agent" can say nothing about any early mania for magic on the part of Dixey. If he had owned a vestige of it he would long have captured somebody's voice to wear himself. No, Dixey takes to magic because he knows that actors have such a sumptuous license in all communities that no questions will be asked. It is my fervent belief that if "Adonis" succeeds Miss Clara Morris, Miss Kate Claxton and others will all dabble in necromancy. It will be the recognized suite of vaudeville.

I should have enjoyed his appearance at the Garden much better if it had been carefully given out that he lived in seclusion and a dark castle for years, practicing the black magic of Mephistopheles. But such a lie would have been impossible even to a "press agent," for Dixey was in big type at Keith's within the ken of the merest babe. Under the circumstances, however, I think I could have swallowed a little deceit. I have come to the conclusion that deceit, after all, is not as black as it is painted.

On the whole, however, Mr. Dixey as a magician is a pleasant entertainment. Magic, like minstrelsy, has taken to kid gloves and evening clothes, and with a pretty theatre, a drawing room atmosphere, a not too uncouth performer, and a tinge of restfulness and light-heartedness, you are pretty sure, even as a necromancer, not to travel too far from the mark. And, after all, Dixey was a sort of metropolitan institution. Out of town, where a "primrose by the river's brink, a simple primrose is to him" (and all that sort of things, Adonis may find legions of new admirers who would just as soon believe that a magician was made to order, not born).

Of course, Dixey is grateful to the earlier incidents of his career. He introduces a few of them at the Garden, as a sort of reminder that they have made everything possible—even magic. I am very fond of Mr. Dixey. It is a goodly quality, and Mr. Dixey is deeply indebted to his past. When Irving takes to magic—as I do—I sincerely trust that he will give us a dash or two from "The Belles," "The Lyons Mail" and "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Mansfield must also trespass upon the lesson, and when he decides to dally with the silk hats and watches of unsuspecting audiences, I hope that he will not forget that comprehensive repertoire of his. And I don't believe that he ever will forget it. Sometimes (in moments of aberration only) I am inclined to wish that he would.

As I watched the programme at the Garden last night I marvelled at the ease of it all. I grew exasperated. The audience, which was a large one, seemed to like it all. Dixey was mounch of all he surveyed—cards, eggs, lemons, rabbits, handkerchiefs, pistols, and the usual paraphernalia of the conjuring business. Save for a card or two that went wrong, and a little uncertainty in the telegraphic movements of a property skull, Dixey seemed to be more certain of himself than he used to be in his comic opera, farce and vaudeville days.

And the superb aplomb with which he introduced the good old funny trick, called on the programme "The Miracles of Chunder Hula," as "My latest invention in magic!" He was perfectly serious, absolutely anxious that the audience should take him in dead earnest. "My latest invention in magic!" Verily, the versatility of actors needs more golden tribute than that which I am able to give it in these columns.

landing in the necromantic net. He put himself on good terms with his audience—not with the graceful insouciance of the late Professor Hermann—but with a certain dogged resolution to amuse that certain. There were five parts to his entertainment, and he was in each part. To the average actor, to the average vaudeville, this is a great inducement. "The stage all to one's self! None to combat but snipers!"

As I said before, actors and actresses have the best of it here below. We poor tollers limp along the one selected groove. We are not versatile.

ALAN DALE.

Side Lights on
the Horse Show.

THERE are three gentlemen in regular attendance at the Horse Show who will surely cause me previous discomfort unless they revise their wardrobes and come nearer to the prevalent style than they have done so far.

These are Commodore Gerry, Wintle Rutherford and William E. D. Stokes. The Commodore has discarded his fur cap for a hat that might have been in the mode forty years ago, but has, certainly not approximated it since.

If that's your best hat, Mr. Gerry, vent you please to back to the dear old familiar fur cap!

Wintle Rutherford's offence is a V-shaped full dress waistcoat that looks as much out of date as a last year's bird nest. Wintle should get something in the U shape at once.

My grievance against Willie Stokes is that he has had the audacity to wear a pot hat with evening dress.

A Bovey boy would know better than that.

If we are to go to the Horse Show at all, let's go in correct harness.

As Pierre Lorillard walked into Madison Square Garden yesterday afternoon it seemed like a touch of the old times when "Peter the Great," as we called him through deference, ruled clubdom with imperial sway.

The years have treated Mr. Lorillard kindly in spite of the fact that he walks with a limp and that his mustache is now almost white. But he preserves much of his old-time vigorous appearance, and the greeting that he gave the many friends that crowded about him was warm and hearty.

"Bah Jove!" said an addle-pated dude that never knew the wisdom of silence, "but old Peter is a rare one. If I can only live half his years and have half his fun I'll count myself exceedingly lucky."

Whether "Old Peter" overheard him or not I can't say, but just then Mr. Lorillard moved away arm in arm with his son-in-law, T. Sufferin' Tailor, and the talkative slim fell a-gawking at a gown near the promenade rail.

That Philadelphia crowd surely does know horse, and the way that the Widener family is sweeping blue ribbons is likely to disturb the equanimity of our pride-swelled New Yorkers.

"Joe" drove his chestnut to victory over "Fatty" Bates's Coxy Monday, and Tuesday George E. Widener, Jr., who is a wee bit of a chappie, not more than eight or ten years old, handled the reins over his own entry in the pony class, and got first prize.

The next thing we know Peter Widener himself will be trying to tool a four-in-hand over the ten-burk.

I wonder if the dear chappies have not taken to banting. Many of them certainly look as though they had. There is Creighton Webb, for instance, whose face is as ashen as a lemon pie. Holbrook Curtis, too, looks thin and drawn, and has aged a full ten years since I last saw him, and at that time he was far past his first youth.

There were others, also, and I would really like to know what it is they do, so that I may avoid it. I am not especially enamoured of the over-plumpness of Fatty Bates nor do I lavish admiration on the sudden hips of Wormer—which are very fashionable just now. I believe—but really I'm not sure—that one or both of these kindly gentlemen tend to have so bilious and soggy a cast.

But let's to something that is not too far nor yet too lean. Ham Cary, always elegant, wore a waistcoat that set me to thinking of a speckle-breasted lark that it seemed as though he must surely burst into song.

And Pfizer—old fzz! It would have done your heart good to have seen Pfizer in his checks. They were the biggest in the Garden, and quite disconcerted those worn by Freddie Gebhard the preceding day.

I do hope that my dear friends, the chappies, won't get up a check competition this week. Berry Wall ventured to appear in a horse-blanket waistcoat yesterday, and there were other evidences of tendency that may have serious results if it is allowed to go unchecked.

Next to Johnnie Pierpont Sluitt's dark driving coat, with pockets all over it, the most talked about happening of the day was the reappearance of Mr. Frederic Diadote Thompson, fresh from the antiquities of Egypt and the favor of the Sultan of Turkey. Mr. Thompson, who is a Knight or something of that sort in Turkey, was remarkably chipper under the circumstances.

Another incident that had sensational features was the appearance of Mr. Charles Westchester Bates, cousin of Mr. Charles Fattissimus Bates, in a frock coat and top hat instead of the bob coat and pot hat that he usually affects. He looked almost as elegant as Gray Griswold, which is probably the highest praise that I can bestow upon Mr. Westchester Bates.

Most conspicuous of the others were Julian Potter, alone, as usual; Natty Reynolds, with his younger brother, Eugene; Gordon Paddock, revelling in his muscular development; Henry T. Sloane, with Mrs. Sloane; Louis Naught, in check riding breeches; Harry Page, fresh from Meadow Brook; Albert C. Bostwick, with his handsome widowed sister, Mrs. Morrell; Wintle Rutherford, a symphony in gray; George L. Myers, full of polo talk, if not wisdom; Walter Watrous, as immaculate as though he had never worn a sweater at a pigeon shooting; Normie Whitehouse, in a marvellous ringed waistcoat, and pushing his way through the crowd as though he thought he was on "Change; William Good, with his fiancée, Miss Baker; Count Vinct, George Work, Gilbert Codrington, J. Harry Alexander, and two score or more in front of the box occupied by Mrs. Reginald Henshaw Ward, who is just home from abroad and who wore the most wonderful yellow gown I've ever seen.

The whole push was there afternoon or evening, and all in all it was very cheery and jolly and quite worth while.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A Point Settled.

[Fletcher Globe.]

If a Mary writes her name Mae or Marie, that settles it; she can't cook.

Mr. Barnacle on
Civil Service.

"W HERE is us old veterans at, any-how?" mused William Barnacle, in blither accents. "Sink me, if I can bring no bearings whichever way I sleep my hand. Dead king the post office and Pension Bureau! They ain't no good." "Are you a veteran yourself?" the lubber asked, for want of a better lead.

"Am I," snorted the manner, proudly. "To be sure; and I knows the ropes, too. Didn't you never see me with my hat and button on?"

The lubber was compelled to confess that he had never witnessed this spectacle. "Sometimes I marches and sometimes I don't," continued Bill, warming with the glories of a long departed war. "But, blow me, if I stand by no country that don't stand by me. Do you know what the policy of this here Government is?"

"In what direction? We have several lines of policy."

"Nix," the mariner burst out, contemptuously. "There's only one policy, and that is to back her little topsails with a beam wind. From a distance this here Ship of State, they calls it, seems to be sailing free with everything set, when she's properly hoisted to, instead. But that's their way of doing business. With her main yards aback one set of sails pulls against the other, and the Ship of State don't make no headway. I tries to get a billet in the post office, and learns a thing or two about Government, and likewise civil service, too."

Here Mr. Barnacle rubbed his old bald head in a bewildered sort of way, as if the lately acquired knowledge had driven him completely off his course.

"I had heard that veterans wot defended the Government was took care of for these here services," Bill went on, in a despairing tone of voice. "But that was only a pipe dream. I wake up when I hits the post office. Being a veteran, I'm supposed to blow my bugle all the time, but I don't. Howsomer, I'll say that when the war broke out I chucks overboard the brightest prospects a boy ever had, and went to fight for the Government. I got shot, and also stabbed, and left the service when the trouble ended, with an honorable discharge and scars to keep forever."

"For more than thirty years I paddles my own canoe, and never howls one. Then I gets to thinking perhaps Bill Barnacle might rate a tidy berth under cover in the post office. I sees sassy young fellows in caps and buttons scratching their backs on posts in the corridors and bossing the sweepers and swabbers. Brooms and swabs comes natural to my hand, and at a pinch I might sign as second mate in an elevator. So I braces up and tackles the postmaster for a job."

"Bill," he says, inspecting me doubtful, "why does the wind blow horizontal instead of perpendicular?"

"Whatever is this you're giving me, sir?"

"Civil service," replies the postmaster.

"Has that to do with sweeping cigar butt out of this here post office? I wanted